# A DESERTER FROM THE ARMY

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By ROBLEY D. STEVENSON and GAVIN L. PAYNE.

Old Absalom Baker was the richest man | home," a duty which his youthful dignity in Little Indian township. He owned four hundred acres of land, acquired by shrewd trading, and was the only man in the township who paid the storekeeper with a check on the county bank. All Little Indian regarded Absalom with wholesome awe, but little liking. He ran for the Legislature once, but was defeated through the efforts of men to whom he had loaned money and afterwards bankrupted by the simple legal | beginning process of claiming his own as soon as it was due. Four times a year he dropped a silver dollar into the plate at church, and four times a year the little congregation was impressed by the magnificence of his contribution. As the case was put by Jim Whitely, whose annual contribution amounted to more than twice that of Absalom, but who gave frequent mites, instead of infrequent respectable sums, and who did of year, and we both are so poor thatnot know himself the amount of his year's | that-" here she paused, woman fashion. givings, "Old Ab, he is a little slow about lettin' go, but when he do conclude to chuck her in, she goes. Throws a whole dollar in to-wunst." How that big bright dollar did shine among the nickels and dimes! It perfeetly typed its giver's position in the com-

The only child of Absalom was a son, named Elisha, after Absalom's father. There had been a baby sister, who lived but a few months, and the neighbors at the funeral noticed that Mrs. Baker stopped her tears when the husband turned his gaze on her as the minister began the final words.

Elisha was twenty-five years old, but never had he been known other than as "Ab Baker's boy." The old man had kept him well in hand. Occasionally some man who did not owe Absalom money suggested that the boy was old enough to be allowed a little liberty, but the old man was wont to reply: "As long as the boy stays on the farm he'll have to knuckle, and that's all there is to it." And Elisha, not knowing otherwise, "knuckled."

So when, one Christmas eve, Elisha told his father that he was going to get married, and to Eliza Perry at that, the daughter of a widow who lived on a rented "forty," and bought a new dress but once a year, Absalom turned red and white and choked for two minutes before he could find his tongue. It was at the supper table that Elisha gave out the news. Mrs. Baker, who had never dared express an opinion of her own since Absalom had bodily carried her off from her aunt's kitchen to become his wife, ran out of the combined kitchen and dining room and stood on the back porch, covering her face with her apron and sobbing softly to herself.

"Goin' to marry, air ye?" began the old man. "Goin' to marry, air ye? Goin' to marry a porper, and bring her and her porper mother for me to support, eh? Strikes me you air gittin' a little too biggity for a boy that hasn't a cent of his own. that ain't earnt more than his board and keep, an' that from his daddy. You been a dead loss to me all your life, an' now you want to pile in a few more fer me to feed. Nice thing that girl's fixed up fer herself. Reckon you know what her daddy was? A low-down, drinkin', ornery whelp, without the sense to pervide for his own, and his daughter is got the same blood. I want to tell you right now," and Absalom shouted in tones so flerce that the wife and mother who had ventured back, shuddered, "I want to tell you right now, that either you give her up, or you give up me-and what's more when you give up me you give up your chances fer my farm. Understand? Go an' tell her that, and I bet you come back mighty quick to be took in agin. When she finds that the farm don't go 'long with you, she'll drop you like a hot shovel. That's all. Now git out, and when you air starvin' to death send me word-and I'll see you buried decent, and that's all I will do fer

Elisha slowly arose from the table, put on his hat and started for the door. He took a few steps forward, then paused and held out his hand. Old Absalom wedged his fists in his pockets and looked at his son. "No, I don't shake hands with you," said he. "You ain't neither friend ner kin. I'm

done with ye." Elisha smiled a grim sort of smile, and let his hand fall to his side. "I guess you forget we are brethren in

the same church," said he, "but I won't press the point. Good night."

With that he strode out of the room and down the path that led to the road. He had just laid his hand on the latch of the gate when he felt his arm clasped. There was no mistaking that clasp. Even when Eliza had clung to his arm in the transport of affection that a woman feels when the man she loves has asked her to be his own. the touch had not shown so true, so immutable a love. "Good-bye, mother," was all he could say.

Eloquence by any other than the head of the family had always been discouraged in the Baker household.

"He has always been a hard man," sobbed the mother. "And to none harder than to his own. And when he says that 'Liza's father was a drinkin' man he is tellin' the truth, but not all of it. Jake Perry never drank a drop before his crops failed one year and your pa foreclosed on him. He'll never fergiv you fer fallin' in love with Jake Perry's daughter, an' he'll never take back what he said to you, no matter how bad he wants to."

Her sobs stopped her utterance, and Elisha, speechless, folded her in his arms. There was a long, long hug, the young man kissed his mother again and again, then blindly strode down the road. The woman turned, tottered into the house and through the kitchen, never looking at Absalom, who sat in silence, smoking his pipe and staring fixedly at the wall.

The sleet had formed a brittle crust on the snow, and a steady, depressing downpour of half-frozen rain beat into Elisha's face as he plodded doggedly along. His mind was dazed by the sudden turn in his affairs, yet withal he had a sense of free dom that he had never felt before-a sense of "being his own man." Ahead of him a light gleamed from the windows of the little church, where, at that moment, little Sammy Trueblood was rehearing "Casablanca" for the Christmas "exhibition" with much woodenness of gesture and throaty monotonousness of voice. For the third time Sammy was essaying his "piece" and a storm of infantile giggles was greeting his accidental interpolation of "his fleece was white as snow" as Elisha reached the church door. Elisha little knew nor cared whether the boy who stood on the burning deck was covered with a snowy white fleece or not. His ears

and his eyes were for Eliza, who had been impressed into service by the schoolma'am to help in drilling the young histrions, He heard her voice, with a tone of smothered laughter in it, as she kindly prompted the embarrassed boy, who showed symptoms of an outburst of the wails that had made him famous among the pupils of the little country school. Slipping softly to a back seat, and depositing his dripping hat thereunder. Elisha sat down, thinking how best to break the news, and trying to had come to his mind during the tramp

down the road. Little Sammy was the last recruit to be for men by the humble Master. drilled, and when his travail was over Eliza came back to where her sweetheart sat

looking moodily at the floor. " Come on, let's go," said Elisha, shortly, not heeding little Sammy, who had been bass drum was beyond his comprehension. There came to his mind a memory of the

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had revolted, though now, on being so ignored, he felt his first pangs of jealousy.

Elisha began his story at once. "'Liza," said he, and paused. The story was not so easy to tell with her smiling face turned so confidingly toward his. He wished he could talk like the lawyer he had heard at the county courthouse, but somehow he just couldn't. So he began at the

"I saw father about-about us, and he told me to pack up my kit and git."

"I said that he told me to get out and I got," continued Elisha, " and now I want to know what you are going to do?" "What am I going to do?" she answered. "I'd like to know what we are both going

to do. There is no work here at this time

"What made you think of that the first thing? You didn't seem to think nothing of you being poor when there was a show for my getting the farm," he blurted out, and the next instant he was ashamed of what he had said.

But the mischief had been done. She drew away from him with such abruptness that little Sammy, who had been loitering along behind, looked around for a "rock" with a vague notion of defending the lady committed to his care.

"Look here, 'Lish Baker, I'd like to know

what you're talking about. I didn't ask you to care for me in the first place. It wasn't me that come hunting you up at church and singin' school, and-everywhere. And what's more, I'll let you know my folks are as good as yours, and had as much money before old Ab Baker skinned us out of our farm. You thought I never heard of that, didn't you? I don't wonder you thought so, and I don't see, myself how I ever come to love the son of the man who"--- Her voice quivered so that she could not speak further. Sammy's hunt for a stone was going on with frantic energy. Elisha said nothing, for there was nothing for him to say, until they reached the cross road that led to the railway station. "Good-bye," said he; "I am bound for the city. I got twelve dollars saved up from the time I run with the thresher, and guess I'll get along. I guess you'll get along, too. It won't break anybody's heart, my leavin'.

He turned down the station road. The rain, which had ceased for awhile, began again. He did not took back. He did not see the two little mittened hands she involuntarily stretched out toward him, nor did he hear the cry of "'Lish, come back for me, and I'll go with you" that came chokingly to her lips. Nor did he see little Sammy, who stood with thumb to his nose and four grimy fingers spread their widest. Though Elisha did not see Sammy's defiance, Eliza did, and the way she relieved ner feelings to a small extent, by vigorously boxing the young gentleman's ears, filled him with a disgust and a wonder at the ways of womankind that would have done credit to an older one of his sex. The train rolled away from the little station and the sound of the locomotive bell. that rang an early Christmas peal, to the She caught little Sammy and hugged him as

apology for her outburst of wrath, and,

hand in hand, they started home. A year had been taken from the lives of men and added to the book of time, and it was Christmas eve. The curtains had gone up in the theaters, and the number of people on the street braving the cold was rapidly growing less. Overhead the stars were shining, and a little girl in the top story of a tenement asked her mother if the one bright star right in the top of the sky was the star of Bethlehem Father Dugan had told them about. Half-grown men and hollow-eyed women walked along the streets blowing horns, with not a thought of Him whose nativity was the occasion for the rejoicing that seemed even to permeate the air. Little children, whose simple faith in Santa Claus yet stood firm, were being put to sleep to dream of the coming of their

Huddled in a basement lodging house around a hot and smoking stove, were twenty or thirty of as gross caricatures of God's handtwork as could be found. The room resounded with curses and ribald Now and then two of the creatures would become involved in a quarrel, and there would be a short scuffle, the passing of a few blows, then the presiding genius of the den would rush between the combatants, and with a short thick club restore order. The bottle passed to and fro, and, save for the occasional fights, fraternity prevailed. It had been an indolent beggar or tramp, indeed, who had not been able to get the price of a night's carouse at the time when the hearts of men open a little to their brethren of less fortune Apart from the rabble about the stove, and shrinking himself into as small a space as possible, sat Elisha Baker. He had found work the very first day he came to the city a year ago, but now for six weeks he had been unemployed. For a time after losing his position he waited for something to turn up. Nothing turned up, and he began to tramp the streets in search of work, and, day by day, he had seen the coming of the end, when his small savings would be exhausted. He had given up his boarding house, and had been reducing expenses on a sliding scale as his money grew less, until to-night he found himself possessed

of the five-cent franchise of a tramp lodging-house chair. "Guess it's about time to write to the old he mused, "and tell him to get ready to buy that coffin he promised me. wonder will he have the heart to put a plate with my name on it, or will he ship me across Jordan without any directions?" He found some comfort in picturing to himself how the neighbors would stand about the grave and take their cue from the behavior of his father. He could see the face of William Henry Sampson, the grocer, as it changed from a placid air of expectance to a settled correspondence with the expressions of the old man. He had seen Sampson do the trick so often, when old Absalom had opened his mouth to speak on some mooted question of politics at the little store, that he felt the grocer

must be fully adept by this time. And his "Say, you," growled a voice from the mass, "you bloke over the corner, what's the matter with you? Come over and join de gang. It's Christmas eve, and there's plenty of lush and ev'ybody he's invited-

The fellow laughed a maudlin laugh and followed his invitation with a few remarks about the opinion he held of a man who had not the good fellowship to drink with the gang on Christmas eve, but his words fell on unheeding ears.

The gang began singing: "We are two old bums, we are jolly good And we live like royal Turks; We have good luck when we bum the

chuck-To hell with the man that works!" Floating in through the broken basement door came the strains of a song that Elisha had heard in the little church at home. when brother Critz Petty came around to 'run the protracted meeting:'

'Jesus is a rock in a weary land. A weary land, a weary land; Jesus is a rock in a weary land.

A shelter in the time of storm.' The two songs rushed into the unhappy boy's head and dazed him. The mingling of ribaldry and reverence, of sweet faith and vilest desperation, as one and the other strove for mastery, confused his senses, already weary from the torment of enforced idleness and of days of humble pleading. met by rebuffs. It seemed to him for the moment that he had descended into that herrible abode of the wicked he had heard Brother Petty describe so often, and the voices of the singers above in the street were calling him from the Slough of Despond to the Blessed Land. He started up the rickety stairs, but before he reached the sidewalk the blare of a badly-blown trombone came so full in his face that he was staggered. A bass drum was receiving vigorous chastisement and was protesting in staccato notes. The thundering overture gave way to a song:

Will you come, will you come, Will you join the army of sweet salvation? Will you come, will you come, Or you won't get to heaven when you die.' The Heavenly Band drew near; the angels a blue and the archangels wearing yachting caps encircled with red ribbons. There bring into form the inchoate plans that was no sheen of white wings, but the joy of the blessed belonged to these grotesque people, who in their own singular way, sought to humbly do a portion of the work laid out Elisha had been taught a very rigid, practical religion, a religion distorted sadly to dollars and cents by his father, and this introduction to the Salvation Army shocked him. That there could be any religion in a

sell a forty-dollar organ to the little church at home. Old Absalom Baker had with ve-hemence opposed it as a desecration of the house of God, not to mention the uncalled-

for drain on the church treasury.
Elisha would have crowded past these fantastic soldiers, but the little army, trombone player, drummer and all, were sweeping down the narrow stairway in a solid phalanx. They were bent on invading the nnermost recesses of Satan's citadel. Elisha retreated. The singing of the army and the noise of the band became in the confined space of the basement a din that. drowned the hoarse chorus of the tramps. The women in blue began to deploy around the outcasts, filing along the walls in two lines, Elisha, finding himself flanked from "My boy! My Lish!" she cried. To the retreat by the trombone player and the

drummer, who maintained their positions at the foot of the stairs. Ashamed to be seen in such surroundings, even by strangers, he drew back into the shadow of the bass drum to abide the time when he might slip out. Though some of the motley, greasy crowd whose uproarious amusement had been interrupted by the entrance of the army were disposed to give the soldiers a respectful hearing, it was plain that most of the wretches huddled around the redhot stove, content to be entertained by any demonstration that might be made, were in better mood to jeer than to listen.

The lassles began making personal appeals. One demure little woman sank on her knees in front of a nondescript who had been presiding as master of ceremonies before the entrance of the army; she prayed for him and prayed at him. He dug his hands in his trousers pockets and assumed an air of ridiculous martyrdom. "Pray wid 'er," came a squeaky voice from a corner, where a diminutive bohemian had been penned by the sudden rear movement of the larger tramps when the army entered. The small tramp's words evoked little appreciation, and he did not venture further suggestions while the girl prayed. Elisha felt less fear of being observed as

he saw the manner of applying religion to

the outcast men, and it was with some curiosity that he elbowed his way closer to the young woman on her knees. Chicago Bill was the name of the picturesque character with whom the young woman was laboring. It would have taken a power far greater than the pleading of this gentle creature to make Chicago Bill feel otherwise than this world was but a huge "stamping ground" on which every man legitimately searches for prey. Emotion had been crushed from his breast when he was a boy, and even then such a thing as emotion was an exotic. For a moment, after the prayer was ended, no one seemed in a mood to speak or move sufficiently to make a noise. The young woman arose, and as she regained her feet, Chicago Bill deliberately chucked her under the chin. This act made Elisha weak at heart. The meek woman did not utter an indignant word, but cast a look of pity on the man who insulted her. Chicago Bill, bolder, now that this went unnoticed, turned to another of the young women and attempted to put his dirty forefinger under her chin. She turned about quickly, with less forbearance than her sister. Elisha saw her face. He felt his knees giving way under him. The woman who turned from the loathsome tramp

The face was too real to seem a dream: it was vivid to Elisha. His indignation brooked no wondering thought of how she had been brought to such a place, for he was desperately wrought up at the insult to his old sweetheart, who had reappeared to him in so strange a manner. With a bound he crashed past several who stood in front of him, and, swinging his right arm wildly, brought his fist down on the face of Chicago Bill, and in the change of a second there was great uproar, a confusion of garments and arms of tramps. Eliza did not see the face of the man who struck the first blow. She rushed to the stairway, for which several of the timid sisters were making, all scrambling to follow the trombone player and the bass drummer, who were the first to see the result of the unexpected tide in the battle against sin. In an almost incredibly short time the invaders had abandoned the citadel, which was left to the house divided against itself. Elisha had no desire to continue the fight. He dashed up the steps to the street and breathed freer. Where had the army gone?

was Eliza.

There were men in blue coming-not the army blue, but the blue that makes a background for official stars. The knowledge that he was in a way responsible for the brawl prompted Elisha to quickly leave the neighborhood. He turned into the first Fortunately, this was the cross street. street into which the army wheeled in its disorderly flight. A block away was the bass drum, wabbling as the fat drummer wabbled, while the trombone player was too far in the van to be seen; the women in blue were stragling along behind the instrumentalists. Under a gas light on the second corner away the army halted. A small crowd had followed them. Not abashed, apparently, the enthusiasts set about to fight sin again, with the small crowd as the object of attack. The trombone player fell back alongside the drummer, and the two valliantly assailed another tune for the sisters. Elisha stood in the shadow of a telegraph pole, for he did not wish to come face to face with his sweetheart while the crowd was about. He resolved to follow her to the headquarters of the army and there make his presence known. The crowd soon melted away and the soldiers prepared to move to headquarters for the night. Close behind them fol-

Headquarters were in a cheap tenement on the second floor, reached by a flight of ramshackle outside stairs. As the workers filed upstairs, Eliza stopped for a moment to pick up a gaunt, scraggy cat that rubbed itself against her dress. Elisha was only a few yards behind her, and the fondling of the cat gave him an opportunity to throw himself in the way of the girl he

"Liza," and he caught her shoulder. She turned.

What more could they say then? It is too long a story to tell all they said, after the tears had come and gone, after he had put his arm about her waist and climbed with her to the top of the stairs. What can better lift aside the weight of misery than the sweet consciousness of loving and being loved! That night two hearts sang a Christmas carol. Eliza and Elisha vowed to live one to the other until eternity. Then he went home with the bass drummer. The next day was Christmas. In the

morning there was an unpretentious marriage at headquarters. And when Eliza said she wanted to go home, and when Elisha said he wanted to go home, and both were suddenly confronted with the fact that they were "porpers," as Absalom would say, the fat drummer fished out a greasy bill from an old pocketbook and begged the bridegroom to borrow ittill, say, next month. He would have done more than this for Eliza-yes, he would have given her the whole, wide world had he owned it, for it must be confessed that the self-sacrificing fellow had a wounded spot in his heart, balm for which Eliza could have given had she chosen. The greasy bill took the bridal couple away from the grime of town, away from

its heartburnings, away from its povertyhaunts, and back in a few hours to the m. where the breath of heaven was free and sweet again, even though it was chilled Absalom Baker lay in his bed, ill of a

complaint so difficult to diagnose that the village doctor fell back on the ever-useful explanation of "malaria," The neighbors received this explanation with supreme dis-"Malaria nothing," said the postmaster's

wife; "he's jist sick over the way he run.

off that boy of his a year or so ago." "I 'low that's so," assented her listener, a motherly-looking woman who had come in to trade a basket of eggs for sugar and tea. "What a difference they is in people. I bet it didn't hurt ol' Ab half so much as it did the Widder Perry when Liza struck out for town to see if she could get a livin' there. But, then, the widder has to keep a-workin' or starve, and old Ab don't. I wonder what's become of Liza?" "Wuzn't that scandalous of her? Goin' round the streets with a lot of owdacious women, singin' and prayin'? An' to think that the Widder Perry folded her hands and simply said 'the Lord's will be done' when she heerd of it. I'd a gone after

that girl and brought her home by the hair if she'd been one o' mine. Even had Absalom known of the manner in which his neighbors were discussing him it is doubtful if his dignity would have been ruffled to any degree. It was noticeable, especially to the patient wife, whose life had been passed in watching for traces of tenderness in her husband's disposition, that Absalom's illness had softened him. Unconsciously, she had become the head of the house. Unconsciously, for she would have been appalled at the idea of usurping his inalienable rights and station. "Did you know this is Christmas?" said she, looking out of the window. "Of course I know it's Christmas-I think

you ought to be lookin' a little after the dinner 'stead of givin' all your time to me," responded the old man. "Oh, I've got somebody to 'tend to that." "Widder Perry." Before he could say a word she continued: "She was poor, she was hungry, and she'd forgive you for bein' the cause of her only daughter leavin' the home where she was raised, and if there's a bit of Christianity in you, Absalom, you can't find fault with me fer takin' her in.

You needn't see her if you don't want to. stay in the kitchen." Instead of the outburst which such household heresy would have provoked a Christmas ago, a grunt of concession, almost of abdication, was all that her words elicited. The locomotive whistle sounded in the distance, and Mrs. Baker again turned toward commissioned by his mother to "see Lizy ! time a traveling agent had attempted to | the station. Nearly every day for a year ington street, next to Lee's tea store. the window, She looked in the direction of

old Absalom had seen her look, though furtively at first, towards the station, as if her eyes might be gladdened by the sight

of her son. "I wonder," said he, "where's that boy She turned in surprise, but the next instant resumed her position at the window, scanning the snowy fields. Not another word did Absalom say. In fact, he was still wondering how he could have mentioned the boy at all. Still more was he astonished to find how much better he felt after a great concession to his conscience. Old eyes have long sight, and the mother's gaze was now fastened on two figures approaching "'cross lots" from the sta-

decrepit Absalom the cry was almost as magical as a draught from the fabled spring of Ponce de Leon's search. He sat straight up in bed, and would have arisen had not his wife forced him to lie down. "Stay right where you are," she said, with a motherly touch of command in her voice. "Stay where you are and don't git

excited. You ain't as strong as you used to be. It's 'Lish-and who's that woman with him? As I live, it's 'Lize Perry. And if you dare to say a word-" here a hand was slipped into hers and she found the widow Perry standing beside her. "No," said Absalom, half to himself and with a little of his old grimness, "I guess I won't say a word. With two women in the room to argy at me, an' another'n on

The women rushed from the room, and then Absalom heard a babel of "mother,"
"Liza," "Lish," "my boy," "where did
you get sich a dress?" and other words, intermingled with hearty smacks and laughing sobs. The quartet flocked into the room and surrounded the penitent sinner. "'Liza, I'm glad to see you home again," said Absalom.

the road, I guess there ain't nothin' fer me

Eliza was a deserter from the Salvation Army, but after her desertion she had made the best convert of the year, and her cup of Christmas joy was brimming. Lord, I'm forgettin' the dinner,' shricked the widow Perry, and away went the women to the rescue, leaving Elisha alone with his father. The old man reached out his hand. "Father, we are married," said Elisha

The old man reached out the other hand "Never mind," he said. "I guess we can use you both 'round the farm. Run along, now, and feed old Betsy while the wimmin folks air finishin' up gitt'n dinner.'

### OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Very full cheeks indicate great digestive Fifteen widows of veterans of the war of the revolution are still drawing pen-Paris has an insurance company that re-

fuses to issue policies on the lives of any who use hair dyes. The apple parer was given to the public in 1803. At the present day one Eastern firm makes over 27,000 a year. There are 1,200 Cherokee Indians in North Carolina. They own 74,000 acres of land and have four government schools. The Queen of Corea employs a female physician at a salary of \$15,000 per year. When the Queen is sick the salary stops. The first horse was brought to this continent in 1518. Now there are, in the United States alone, 14,056,750, valued at \$941,000,000.

Nearly 10 per cent. of the yield from this year's cotton crop in the South is from cotton-seed oil, once thrown aside as use-The largest estates in Austria are those

Blacking for boots was invented in 1836,

and now the manufacturers in this country

and England sell over \$4,000,000 worth a

of Prince Schwarzenburg, 510,000 acres; Prince Lichtenstein, 460,000, and Archduke The Chautauqua salute, waving a white handkerchief, was first given at the request of Chancellor Vincent, as a greeting to a deaf mute.

According to a decree just rendered by the British courts of law payment cannot legally be enforced for any order given to a debtor on Sunday. In the thirty years of its operation the London underground railway system has carried over a billion and a half of pas-

sengers and has not killed one.

It has been demonstrated that a bullet fired into a human being carries into the wound any bacteria which may exist in the clothes through which it passes. Paris is trying a wood pavement made of mahogany. Mahogany is much cheaper than it used to be, but still dearer than the woods generally used for this purpose. There is a steady increase in the value

of old English mansions. Oakley Hall, in Essex, a fine property of six hundred acres, valued forty years ago at \$140,000, has been sold at \$40,000. During the siege of Sebastopol the batteries of the allied army threw into the besieged city over 30,000 tons of shot and shell, The cost of the artillery firing and the value of the guns ruined and condemned is estimated at \$12,000,000.

The first aerial voyage was made Sept. 19, 1783, by a sheep, a cock and a duck, to a height of 1,500 feet. The first human traveler through the air was M. Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who mounted the following month in a free balloon. During the Franco-Prussian war the Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle cartridges and

363,000 charges of artillery, killing or mortally wounding 77,000 Frenchmen, showing that four hundred shots are required to kill or mortally wound one man. The college town of Granville, O., about 300 miles distant from Chicago, sent 425 of its citizens to the world's fair out of a total population of 1,366. This is said to be a larger proportion than was sent by any other town or city in the country. Statistics just issued show that during the past year but twenty-one passengers and nine employes, thirty persons in all, were killed in railroad accidents in Great

Britain and Ireland. In the same period nearly 900,000,000 passengers were carried. Napoleon Bonaparte was crowned Emperor of the Franch Dec. 2, 1804, and won the battle of Austerlitz, his greatest victory, Dec. 2, 1805, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the second French republic, was crowned as Napoleon III Dec. 2, 1852. A flying bolt hit the head of George (

Hunter, of Oakland, Cal., and knocked the memory out of it. He has forgotten his wife and his mother. He has forgotten the arts of reading and writing. Except in this one respect he is said to be as well, to all appearance, as before his mishap. The electric light was invented in 1846, and as late as 1876 was pronounced by a high scientific authority "a pretty toy," and the prediction made that it would never be anything else. At present over two hundred cities and thousands upon thousands of offices and dwellings are lighted by means of electricity.

An invitation to dinner in Japan commences as follows: "I beg pardon for thus insulting you in begging your company at my house to dinner. The house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and vet I hope you will condescend to be present with us at 6 o'clock on Dec. 6." A scientific man says that he has made a discovery. It is that the worst air is found in two strata; one near the ground-everybody knows that and the other at a height of about ninety feet. This height represents the average altitude of the disgiven off by the factories and other industrial appurtenances of a city.

## She Wasn't His Wife.

Deroit Free Press. The man got into a street car comfortably filled, and crowded into a seat next to sharp-faced woman in the corner. squeezed her up against the end of the car, took out a newspaper and shoving it half across her face began to read. She stood it for about five minutes. "Excuse me," she said then, "are you married man.

"I thought so," she went on; "ain't your wife a little woman that won't say her soul's her own and lets you impose on her all you want to?" "I don't impose on her, madam," he said "You don't let her impose on you much, I

He dropped his paper and looked at her.

'Yes," he replied curtly.

'Madam," he began.

guess." The man tried to read his paper again. "I suppose she carries in the coal, builds the fires, gets your slippers, does the marketing, mends your clothes, tends to the children, submits like a lamb when you find fault and is generally an excellent wife, ain't she!

"Don't say a word," she interrupted: "I'm

not your wife, am I?" No. and I'm-"That's all right. And as I'm not I don't propose to have you sitting down on me and crowding me up in this corner till I can't breathe without wheezing like a steam engine. Why don't you get out and walk?" and the passengers snickered so that he did

## Dyspeptic Advice.

Atchison Globe. To wives who truly love their husbands: Do not feed them on buckwheat cakes. Buckwheat cakes please a man five minutes and make him cross twenty-four hours. Feed your husbands as imsply as you can. We all eat too much rich stuff.

For holiday goods go to Marcy's. Marcy's jewelry store is 38 West WashOFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Christmas, 1893. Once more the glad joy-bells of Christmas are ringing Their sacred refrain the world over again.

Each deep, swelling tone to remembrance is The words: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Once more we would list to that beautiful

So dear to our hearts from our earliest Again we'd recall the bright vision of glory, And think on the scene that our mem'ry reveres.

The shepherds of Bethlehem vigils were keeping,-Twas night, and the stars cast their luster

around,-While the Babe-Heaven's gift-in a manger was sleeping. No room at the inn for the Savior was

There was the young mother, adoringly With worshipful looks o'er the form of her child. And sweet were the angelic voices descend-

In praise of the One upon whom Heaven

From the East the wise men with their offerings hasted. Led thence by the light of Immanuel's

must have tasted

When first they beheld Him they sought from afar! Adown thro' the lengthening vista of ages That heavenly chorus still grandly doth

How great was the joy that their hearts

It heightens each joy, every sorrow as-And speaks to our hearts what no language can tell.

Christmastide. "Glad tidings, lo! I bring you." Clear-toned the angel sang, And through the vibrant ether

The wondrous music rang. And far adown the ages Soundeth the same refrain That woke the slumbering shepherds In old Judea's plain.

Still, still the star of promise Glows with supernal light As when o'er Bethlehem it shone, Amid the gloom of night.

Like Magi from the Orient We gaze with wondering eyes Upon the royal visitant In helpless baby guise-Cradled in lowliest seeming,

A manger for his bed, And near-his dove-eyed mother Guarding his sacred head.

Oh, child' foretold by sages Oh! Prince of Peace-we bring Frankincense from our heart of hearts To thee, our new-born King. -M. E. S.

With a Wreath.

Holly, sweetheart-that's for mirth-

Tho' the day dawn dark and drear, Let not any hour have birth Without its bit of cheer. Laurel, sweetheart-that's for fame-Clasp fair hope and onward tread;

Every striving soul shall claim Some garland for his head. Mistletoe-ah, sweetheart, no! Ask no mocking thought with this-

All a world of joy or woe May hide behind a kiss. Holly-laurel-mistletoe-Weave thy wreath at Christmastide; Withered tho' each token grow,

Its grace with thee abide. . -Emma Carleton. New Albany, Ind. The German of It. Der Wille macht den Geber, nicht die Gabe. Germans say,

And now the panic's at its worst, we're glad to think that way. By liberal translation into English, that's

It means the will, the spirit, makes the giver, not the price. -Henry P. Pearson. Bedford, Ind.

In the Heart of the Rose. Where lies the scent of the rose? In the heart of it. Tis a secret the butterfly knows, And a part of it She whispered to me one June-I shall not forget it soon.

In the heart of it. Lies a chalice deep and sweet, 'Tis the part of it Where the rose distills the dew It gathers the warm night through. I shall make of the rose a friend, In the heart of it A message I'll send, I'll send-Or a part of it. For the heart of the rose is small,

There where the petals meet,

And cannot contain it all. She will pin the rose on her breast, And the heart of it Will whisper my love; has she guessed Already a part of it? Sweet rose, lie lightly above The pure heart of my love.

-Meredith Rhys. Madonna. How well we know them-I and you-This Pair so fond, so blest; The Mother in her gown of blue,

(Our mothers held us so), This woman in her carved chair, And will not let Him go. We stagger on through the year's din From green leaf unto sere:

Close to her heart she holds Him there

But when the Christmas bells begin To clang their ancient cheer, No more we think of cares or harm, Our Christ a man of woe: We put Him in His Mother's arms, And will not let Him go.

-Lizette Woodworth Reese, in Independ-The Old and the New. The Old Year laid upon the portals of the A trembling hand,

And said, "Oh, let me die and be at rest

Within thy misty land.

Reached forth and drew the wanderer safe within the door. The New Year laid upon the portals of To-A firm young hand, And said, "Oh, let me come and live and

Then all the years that lived and died before

work Within thy shining land." Then all the years that are to be replied, 'This is your world," and drew the youth -Kathleen R. Wheeler, in Lippincott's

AMBITION GRATIFIED. A Prince and an Earl to Marry Two American Girls. New York Advertiser.

Two more American girls are to marry titles and, what is more deplorable, the men who bear them. Miss Florence Pullman, the eldest daughter of the railroad magnate, will marry Prince Von Isenberg-Bierstein, and Miss Adele Grant will be the wife of the Earl of Essex. Neither of these lordly suitors has very much money, both have more debts than dollars, and Miss Grant is not a great heiress, which gives a refreshing tinge of originality to her engagement As for the engagement of Miss Pullman to Prince Isen-

berg even the Emperor has pleaded for it. Doubtless the imperial patronage was sufficient compensation to the young woman, who dared to keep her high-born suitor in suspense for months, with a full knowledge at the time that every heiress in Chicago was waiting to spring upon him if she did not see fit to accept him, his name and his twenty-eight roofiess castles. Miss Pullman is an interesting, clever, accomplished girl, and has rare good sense.

She has thought a good deal about the po-



sition she is leaving, that of a petted, only daughter in her father's beautiful home, a BUSINESS DIRECTORY leader in her social set and an exceedingly happy and independent young woman, and the life she is about to enter as the wife-a Princess, to be sure-of a penniless Prince, who, while of good connections and a favorite at court, could not give her the same position in society in comparison to that which she occupies here. But a title is always a power, and to be a German princess is even greater dignity than being the wife of a lordly English villain—or a Baronet. Miss Pullman's dowry will be \$2,000,000, which will go a long way toward putting in repair the many ancestral halls of the impecunious aristocrat. The German friends of Isenberg are waiting with open arms to receive their enriched comrade and his

rank in his regiment Miss Adele Grant, who has for years been called an American beauty, is a daughter of the late David Beach Grant. She is one of three children. The family is not rich, but each one of the children has a small fortune of some thousands a year. Miss Grant was once engaged to the Earl of Cairns, then Lord Garmoyle, but among other disagree-able eccentricities which he indulged in was that of buying jewels for his flancee which were never paid for. Like most titled young Englishmen, he was fond of running after pretty actresses and making a goose of himself generally. So Miss Grant gave him up and wore all the gowns of her trousseau through a London season. The gay young

bride, and he is to be raised to a higher

Viscount afterward married Miss Olivia Berens and died in 1890 Miss Grant was always much admired in her native land and could doubtless have married any of the eligible parties of the last five years, but she was ambitious and at last is going to be a countess. The Earl of Essex, whose full name is George de Vere Capell, was born in 1857. He is a widower and has a son, the Vis-

count Malden, now eight years old. family is an old one, dating back to 1503. The peerage was created in 1641 and held by Baron Capell, who lost his head through his devotion to Charles I. The country seat of the family is at Cassiobury, Waterford, Herts, and the town house No. 15 Montague street, London, W. A country house, a town house, a title, a husband who is an earl and a viscount for

a son, now this is something to live for. A Use for the Big Stamps. Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. People sometimes hear odd things on the street cars. The other day a sweet young thing in seal furs said to a sweet young thing in "Alice, is it true that the Columbian stamps will not be used after this year?"
"That is what I understand," replied the

sweet young thing in dark green. "I'm so sorry." "You know Frank Jimson, don't you?" "Of course. He went away to college last "Well, we correspond with each other. Did you know that?"

"No: isn't that nice?" "Yes, but mamma permitted the correspondence only on condition that she read the letters. We are so young, you know, and she is dreadfully afraid we'll write love letters to each other.' "What have the Columbian stamps to do "Just this. We write our love messages on the envelopes and paste the stamps over them. The stamps are easily soaked off, you know. You'd be surprised how much

we can put under a Columbian stamp when we write a real small hand."

Anything to Oblige. New York Weekly. Mr. Greatman-I wish you'd stop printing my portrait every time any little thing happens to me or else get a new one You've had that old plate in seventeen Editor-All right, my dear sir. Anything to oblige. Assistant Foreman (a week later)-I can't find that picture of Sam, the sneak thief, anywhere Foreman-Well, dump in that picture of Mr. Greatman. It ain't going to be used for him any more.

Strangers visiting our city wanting jewelry, watches and diamonds are recommended to go to Marcy's, 38 West Washington street, Griffith Block.

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